

*The Historie of*

*Prin.* Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaffs sword so hackt?

*Peto.* Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and said he would sweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleue it was done in fight, and perswaded vs to do the like.

*Cur.* Yes, and to tickle our noses with speare-grasse, to make them bleede, and then to beslubber our garments with it, and sweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seuen yeere before, I blusht to heare his monstrous deuises.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou stolest a cup of sacke eightene yeeres ago, and wert hang'd with the maner, & euer since thou hast blusht extempore, thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince* I do.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin.* Hot liuers, and cold purses.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my sweete creature of bumbast, how long is't ago, Iacke, since thou saw'st thine owne knee?

*Fal.* My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waste: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of sighing and grieve, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, heere was sir Iohn Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy, & he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the crosse of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

*Poines* O, Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen, the same, and his sonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the sprightie Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horse-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* He that rides at high speede, and with a pistoll kills a sparrow flying,

*Henry the*

*Falst.* You haue hit it.

*Prince* So did he neuer the sparrow.

*Falst.* Well, that rascall hath good running.

*Prince* Why what a rascall art thou running?

*Falst.* A horsebacke (ye cuckoo) on a foote.

*Prince* Yes Iacke, vpon instinct.

*Falst.* I grant ye, vpon instinct. Mordacke, and a thousand blew away to night, thy fathers beard: you may buy land now as cheap.

*Prince* Then tis like, if there be a buffering hold, we shal buy maies by the hundreds.

*Falst.* By the masse lad, thou art good trading that way: but tell me, I feard: thou being heire apparant, thou hadst three such enemies againe, as that diuell Glendower? art thou not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince* Not a whit yfaith, I laud thee.

*Falst.* VVell, thou wilt be hoarse, thou comest to thy father: if thou dost not sweare.

*Prince* Doe thou stand for my part, I will tell thee the particulars of my life.

*Falst.* Shall I? content: this cushion is my scepter, and this cushion is my crown.

*Prince* Thy state is taken for a leaden dagger, and thy person full balde crowne.

*Falst.* VVell, and the fire of mine eyes shall thou be mooued. Give mine eyes looke redde, that it may be for I must speake in passion, and not in vaine.